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I see how they wander alone in the woods,
 I see how they toss on the desolate floods,
 And still, oh how clearly, I hear thro' it all
 The voice of my nation, her watchword, her call :
 My children, my children, whose love I rely on,
 Oh remember the name that thro' ages untold,
 Before angels and men you were wont to uphold,
 Defend still the treasured, the dear name of Zion !
 And this, do you see,
 Mr. Jew, is for me
 The one only song, which from life's early dawn
 My heart to itself, by my heart's love, has drawn.

ONE OF THE BEST.

I.

(On the grave of Michel Gordon.)

ONE more gravestone! one more heart,
 Cold and still, has found relief
 From the joy as from the smart,
 From the wrath for other's grief.

Where the ash is strewn about,
 Lies the dear old fiddle, lone ;
 And the crazy song rang out
 With a sudden sound of moan.

Strong and earnest, unafraid,
 Rose the song, and clear and high.
 Ring the bell—the piece is played !
 Hushed the laughter, hushed the cry !

In the land where, free from pain,
 Thou, dear soul, art gone to live,
 One assurance still retain,
 All the comfort we can give.

This: while still there lives a Jew,
 And for many, many years,
 Shall thy songs be sung anew,
 Some with laughter, some with tears.

Sleep, thou spirit sweet and rare,
 Where the leaves of life are shed!
 Thine own songs shall be the Pray'r
 Spoke in blessing o'er the Dead

II.

What see I, what hear I? O say, if you know!
 The dovelet is cooing, the linnet is singing,
 The little, the silvery bells all are ringing;
 The little straw cradle, it rocks to and fro.

The cradle is rocking, the lamplet is lighted,
 Beside me once more is my Grandmother sitting;
 With small, bony fingers a sock she is knitting,
 She bends o'er my cradle with dark eyes dim-sighted.

She sits and she knits, and she sings thro' her musing:
 "You've been to Poltava, of course, Mr. Jew?"
 My very best thanks, Michel Gordon, to you!
 Your booklet of verse I just now was perusing.

Of those who awoke in the night you were one,
 Who woke while the Jews all about them were sleeping,
 And round to the doors and the windowpanes creeping,
 You tapped, and you called them all forth to the sun.

I see her, your Muse, she is Jewishly dressed
 In garments old-fashioned and plain, but the cotton
 With which they were sewn is not worthless or rotten—
 'Tis fine and 'tis costly, 'tis thread of the best.

Her garments are long, without flounces or laces,
 That free and unchecked she may wander about
 In alley and court, where the school-children shout,
 And where the dogs yelp in the old market-places.

The poor Jewish Muse! she must roam o'er the earth
Amid Jewish refuse, and rubbish, and ashes,
And slippers, and old hooded mantles and sashes,
And things that had never a halfpenny's worth.

Where people have prospered, and hard are the heads,
The hearts too, in danger of blows and of curses,
Deserted and nameless still onward she treads,
And bears on her shoulder a bundle of verses.

SIMCHAS-TORAH.

(The Rejoicing of the Law.)

"SIMCHAS-TORAH! skip and hop
On your feet till down you drop!
In your mouth a merry jest—
And a burden in your breast!"

(Old song.)

So frisky and fit,
At table we sit,
We eat what we choose,
We drink and are gay.
Sing, brother Jews,
Be merry to-day!
Cup after cup,
Drink it all up!
No need to fear,
Lift up your voice,
To-day we rejoice—
Sing, brothers dear!

Alas, Jewish singing!
And alas, Jewish gladness!
What means it, O tell me,
And whence is the sadness
That weighs on my heart when I hear?
I hang down my head
Like a child that is chidden,